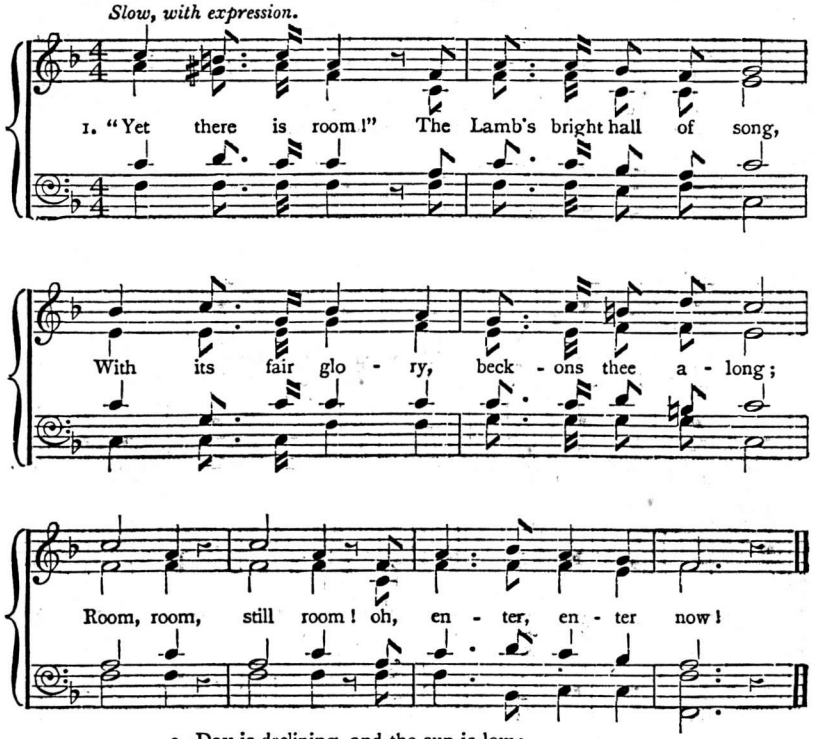
No. 31. Yet There is Room.

Words by Dr. HORATIUS BONAR; written expressly for this work.

Slow, with expression.



2. Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3. The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4. It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste: 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5. Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

6. Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now:

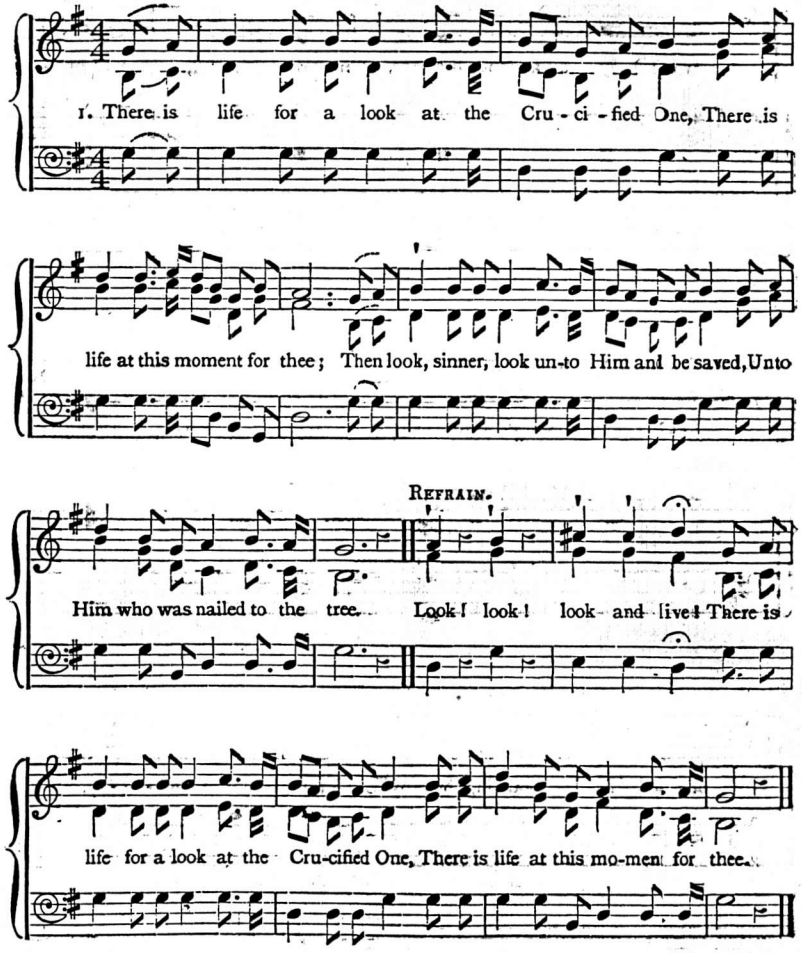
7. All heaven is there: all joy! Go in, go in:
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8. Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

9. Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry: "No room, no room!"
No room, no room! oh, woful cry, "No room!"

No. 32. There is Life for a Look.

"It shall come to pass that every one . . . when he looketh upon it shall live." NUM. xxi. 8.
"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." ISAIAH xlv. 22.



2. Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

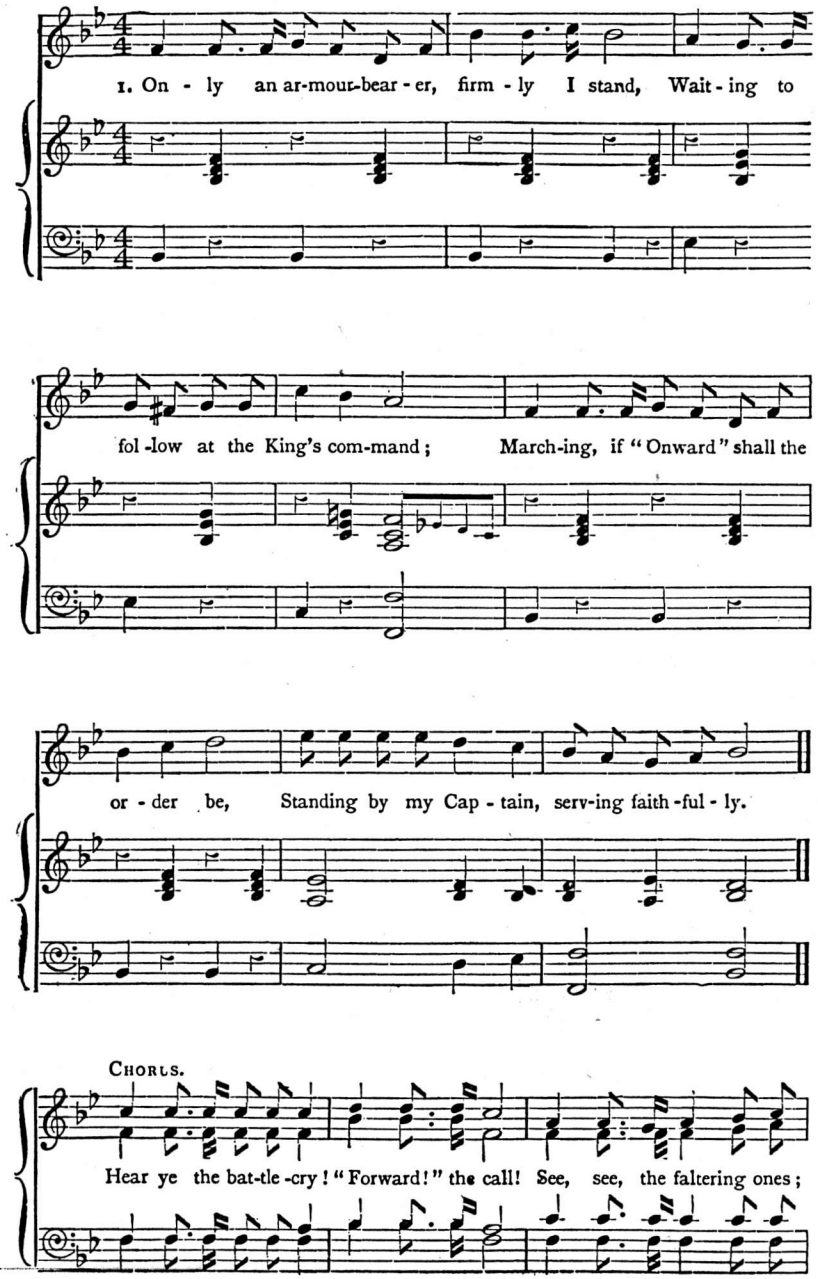
3. It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4. Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

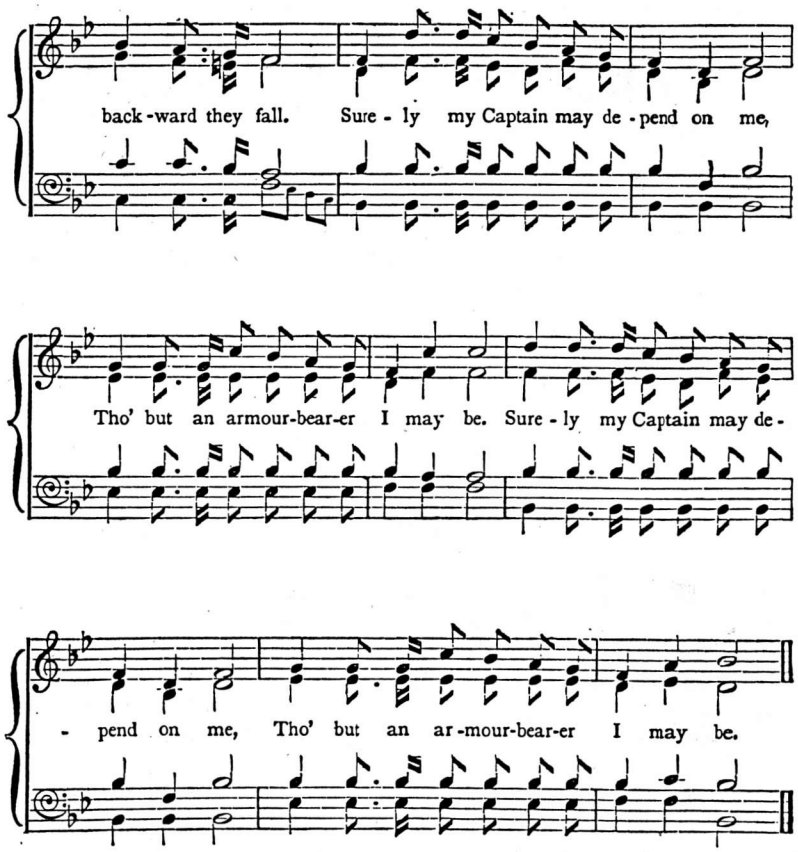
5. Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

No. 33. Only an Armour-Bearer.

"His armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that is in thine heart; behold, I am with thee according to thy heart."—1 Sam. xiv. 7.



Only an Armour-Bearer—*continued.*

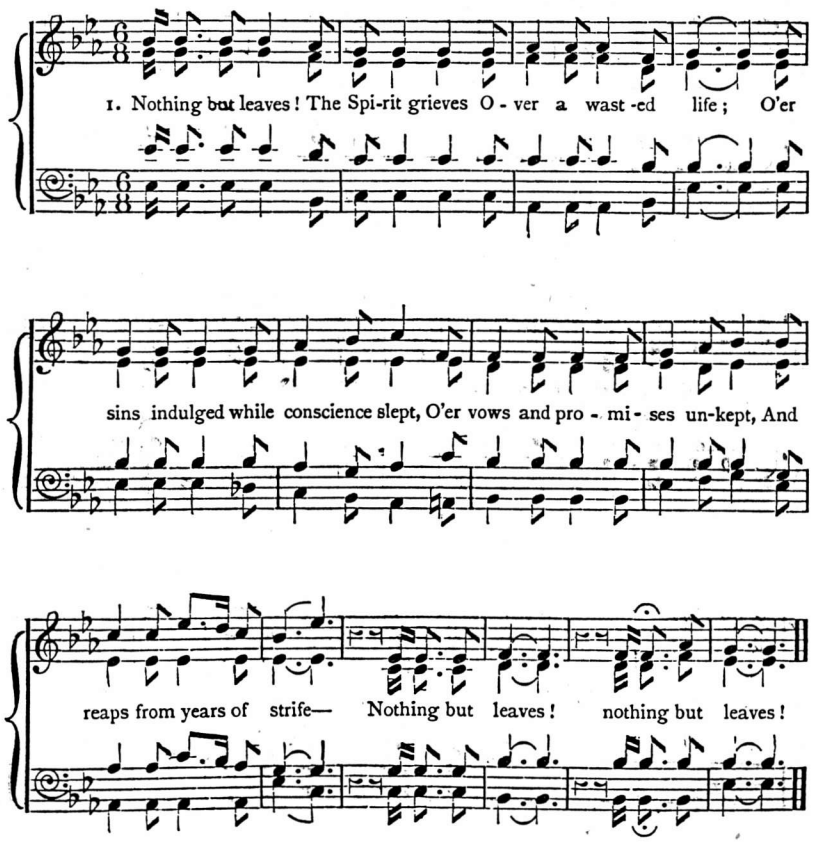


2. Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."
Hear ye, &c.

3. Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:
If in the battle to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honours in the Grand Review.
Hear ye, &c.

No. 34. Nothing but Leaves.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—MARK xi. 13.



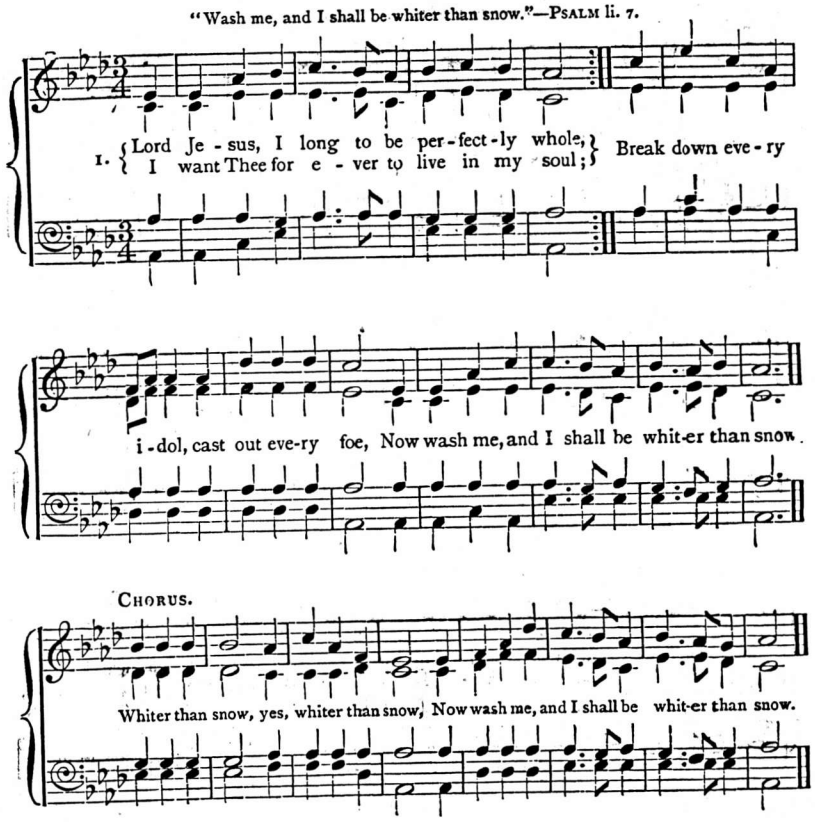
2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds; lo, tares and weeds,
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3. Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past:
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4. Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

No. 35. Whiter than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—PSALM li. 7.



2.

Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own blood and extract every stain;
To get this blest cleansing I all things forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3.

Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4.

Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

5.

Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst, No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 36. Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN xvi. 20.

1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain, A
2. I've found a glad ho-san - nah For eve - ry woe and wail; A

beau - ti - ful to - mor - row Of sun -shine af - ter rain; I've
hand - ful of sweet man - na When grapes of Esh - col fail; I've

found a branch of heal - ing Near eve - ry bit - ter spring, A
found a Rock of A - ges When de - sert wells are dry; And,

whis-pered pro- mise steal - ing O'er eve - ry bro - ken string, A
af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh, And,

whis-pered pro - mise steal - ing O'er eve - ry bro - ken string.
af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh.

Joy in Sorrow—*continued.*

3. An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

4. My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!

No. 37. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled."—LUKE xiv. 23.

1. { Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from
{ Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the

1st time. *2nd time.* CHORUS.

sin and the grave; } Res - cue the per - ish-ing.
Migh - ty to save.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer-ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

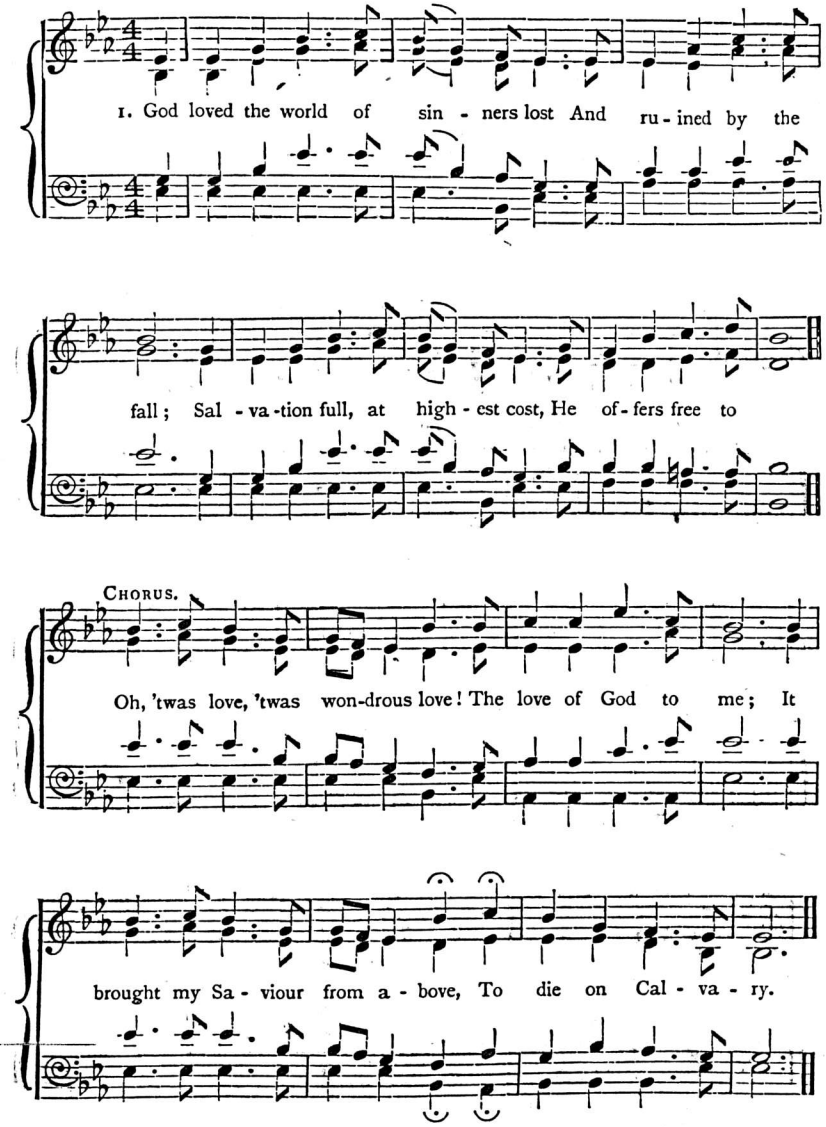
2. Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

3. Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4. Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide:
Strength for thy labour the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died,

No. 38. Wondrous Love.

"God so loved the world."—JOHN iii. 16.



2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

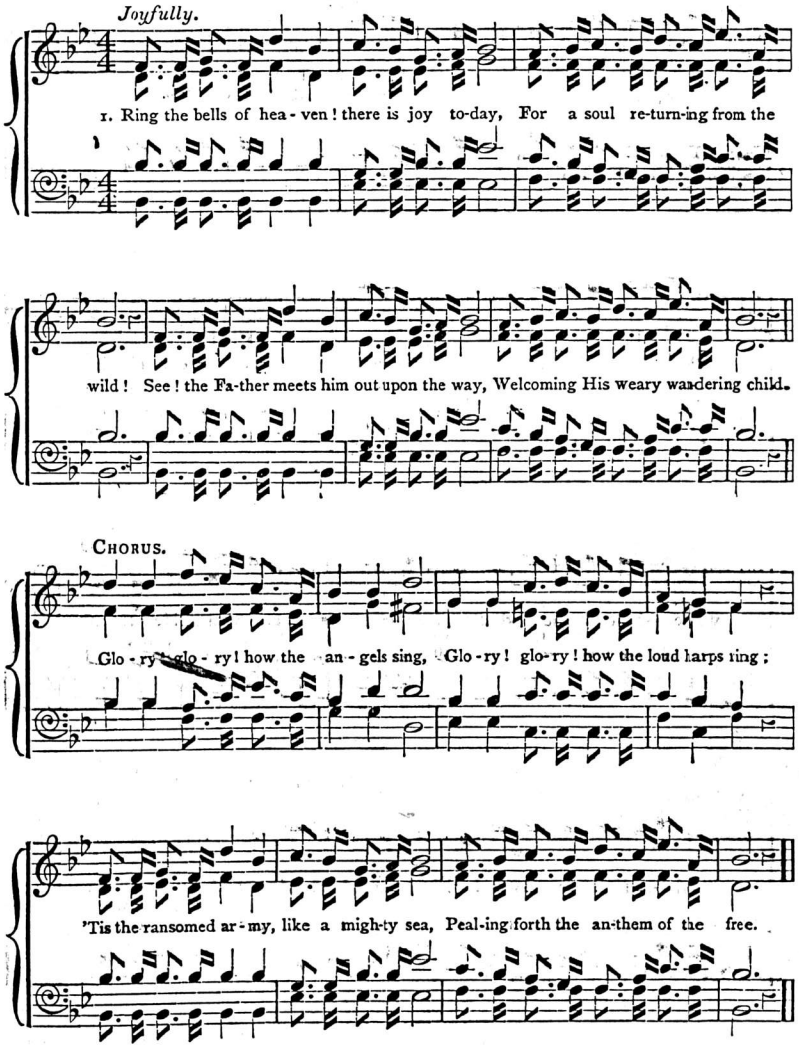
3. Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4. Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5. Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ, the Lord, our King.

No. 39. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE xv. 10.



2.

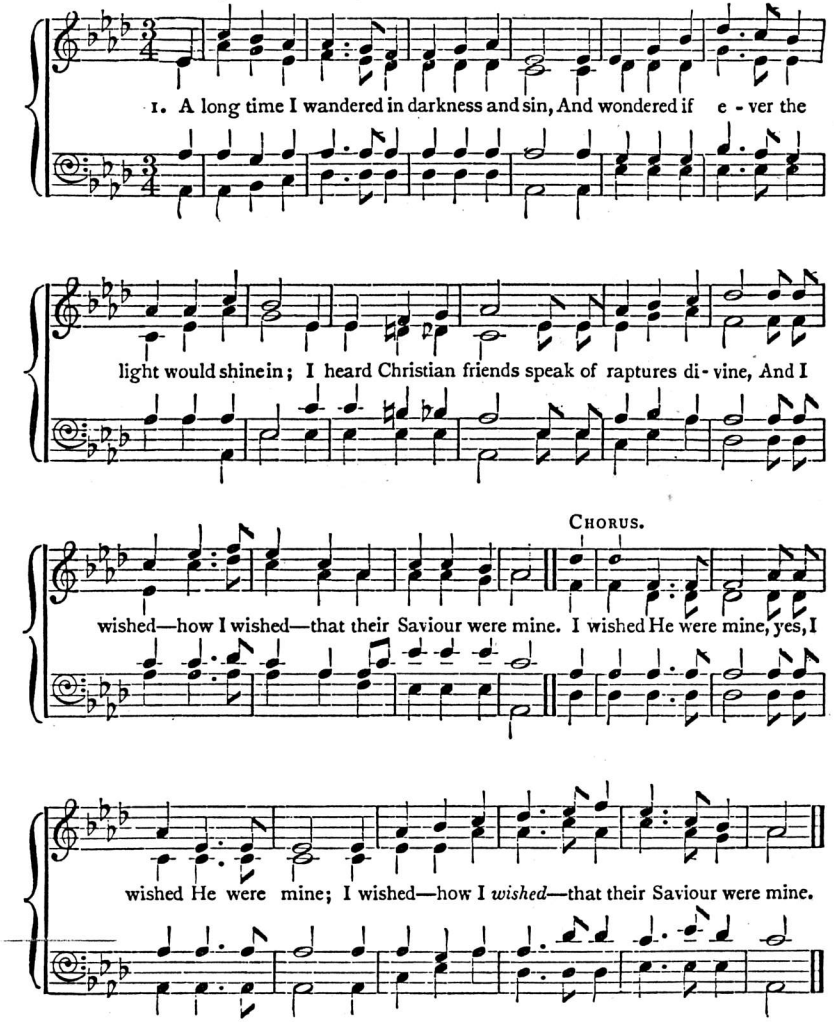
Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3.

Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day,
Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain!
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
For a precious soul is born again.

No. 40. I Know He is Mine.

"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."—Song of Solomon ii. 16.

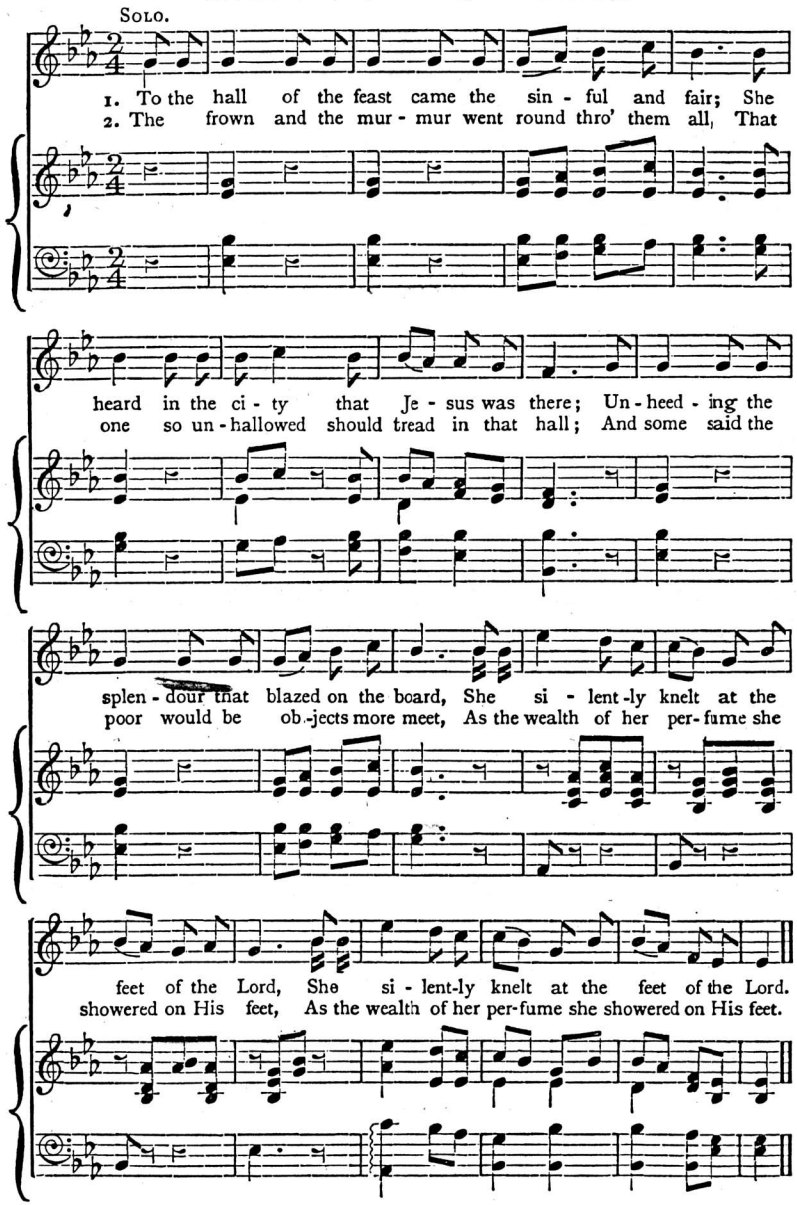


2. I heard the glad gospel of "good will to men;"
I read "whosoever" again and again;
I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?"
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine.
I *hoped* He was mine, yes, I *hoped* He was mine,
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine,

3. Oh, mercy surprising! He saves even me!
"Thy portion for ever," He says, "will I be;"
On His word I am resting—assurance divine—
I am "hoping" no longer, I *know* He is mine.
I *know* He is mine, yes, I *know* He is mine,
I'm hoping no longer,—I know He is mine.

No. 41. A Sinner Forgiven.

"He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven."—Luke vii. 48.



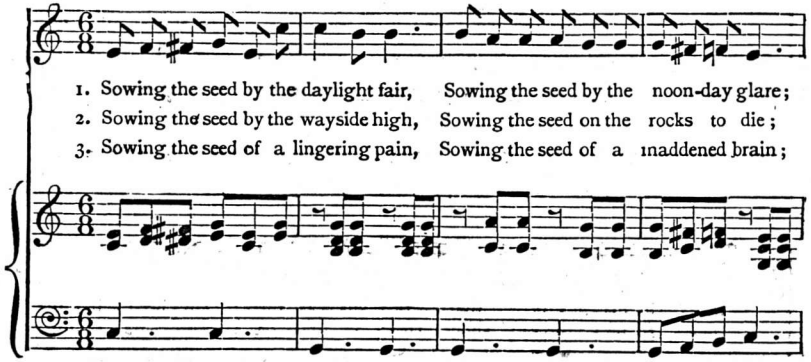
3.
She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;
She dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4.
In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one: her "sins were forgiven,"
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

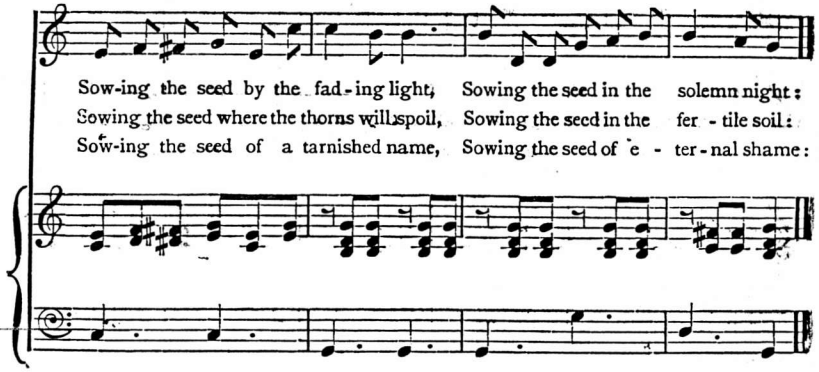
No. 42.

What Shall the Harvest Be?

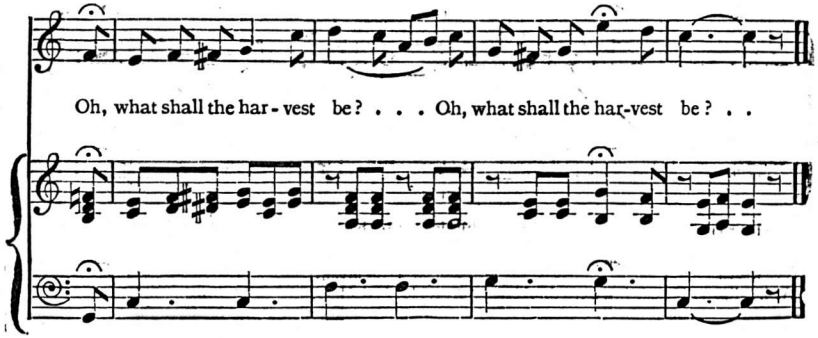
"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. vi. 7.



1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare;
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die;
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain;



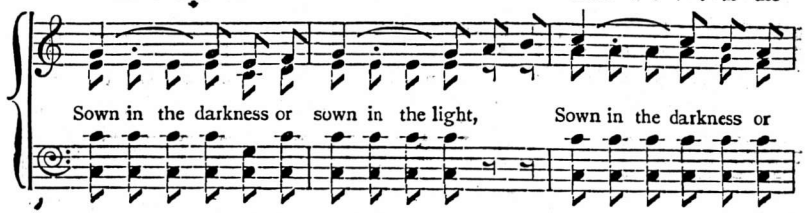
Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer - tile soil:
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e - ter-nal shame:



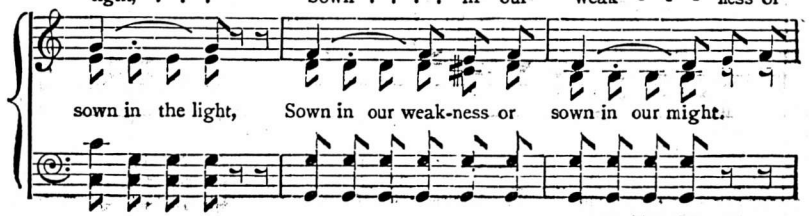
Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . . Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . .

What Shall the Harvest Be?—*continued.*

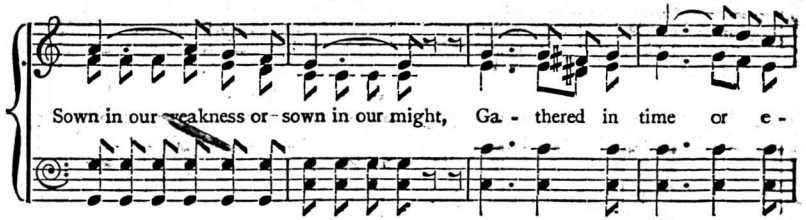
CHORUS.



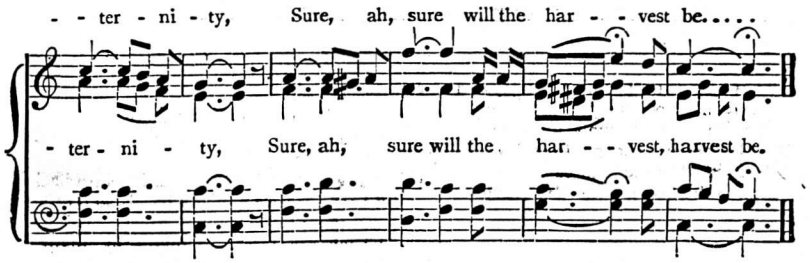
Sown . . . . in the dark - - - - ness or sown . . . . in the
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or



light, . . . Sown . . . . in our weak - - - ness or
sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might.



sown. . . . in our might, ... Ga - - thered in time or e -
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Ga - thered in time or e -

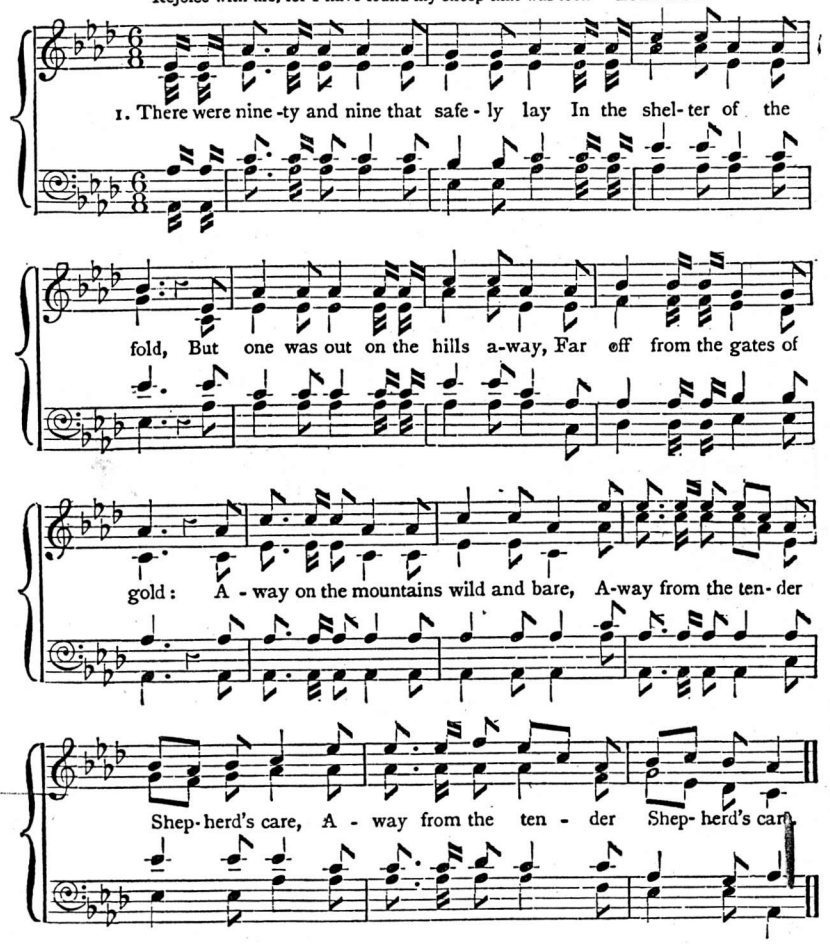


- - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest be. . . .
- ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest, harvest be.

4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

No. 43. The Ninety and Nine.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—LUKE xv. 6.



2.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of [Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

3.

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4.

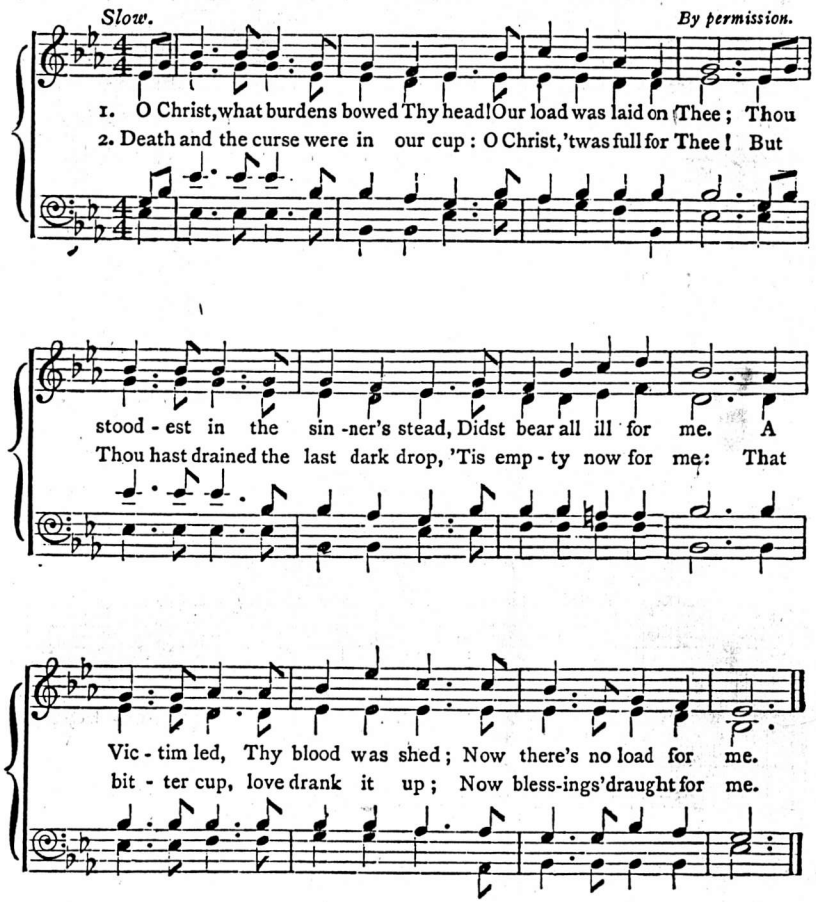
"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" [thorn."
"They are pierced to-night by many a

5.

And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 44. Substitution.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—ISAIAH liii. 5.



3.

Jehovah lifted up His rod;
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4.

The tempest's awful voice was heard;
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5.

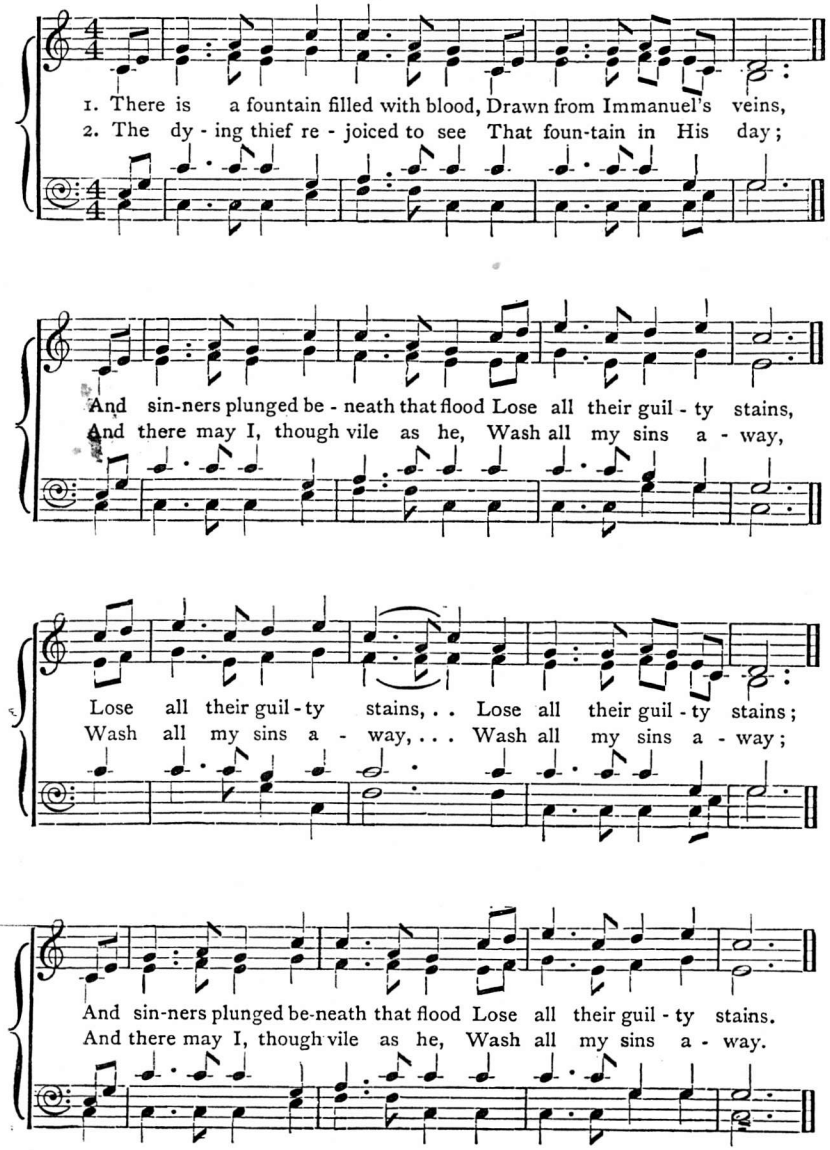
Jehovah bade His sword awake,
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee;
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be.
All for my sake, my peace to make:
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee:
Thou'rt risen—my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me.

No. 45. There Is a Fountain.

"A Fountain opened for sin."—ZECH. xiii. 1.



3.

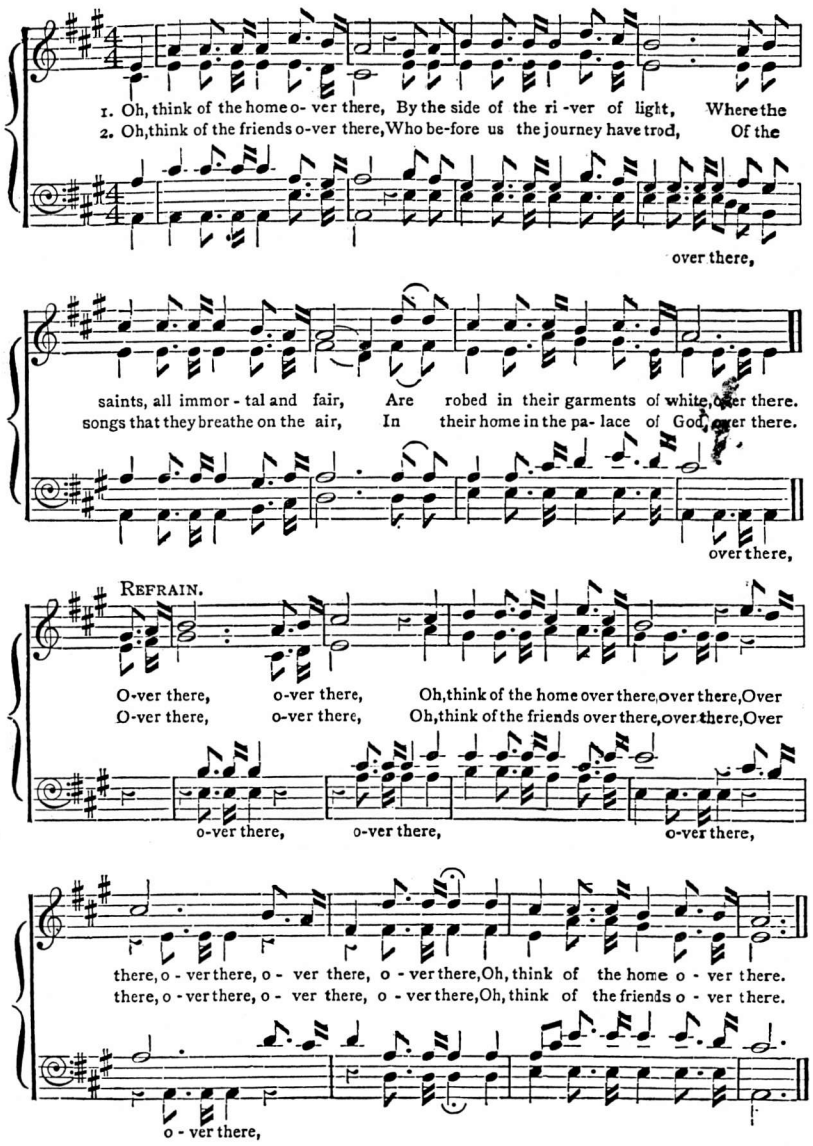
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 46. The Home over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM lv. 6.



3.

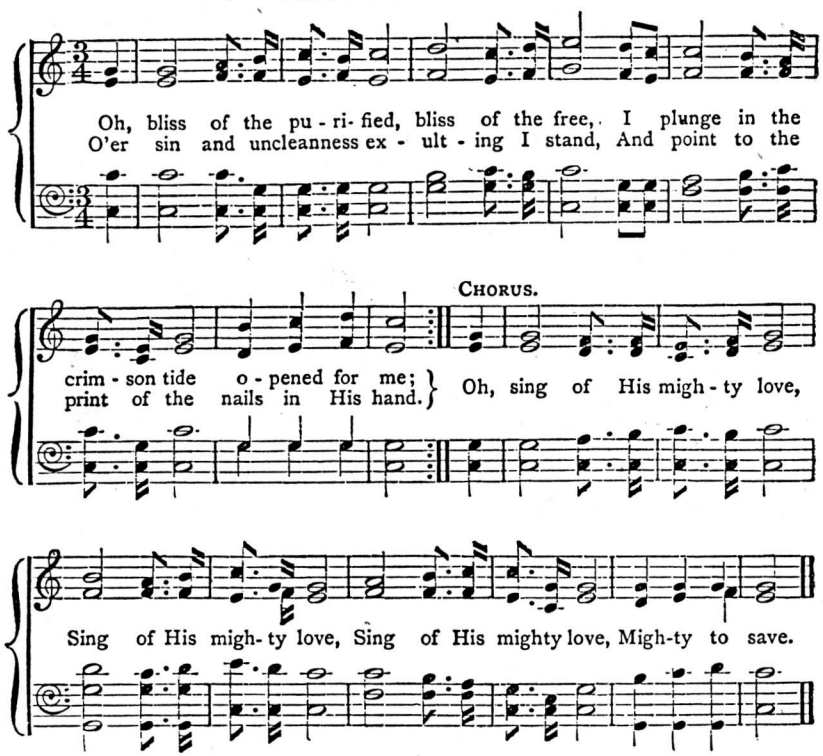
My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest,
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4.

I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me,
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 47.
Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH lxiii. 1.



2.

Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifted upon me the light of His face.

Chorus.

3.

Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

Chorus.

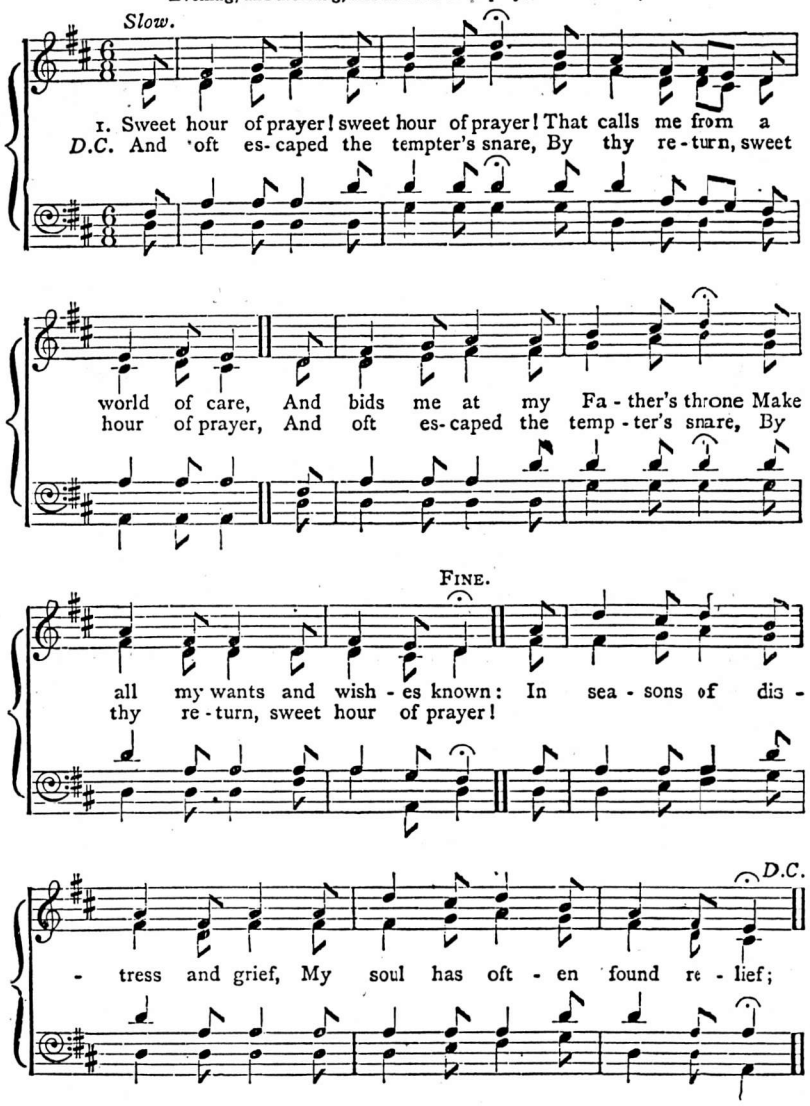
4.

O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

Chorus.

No. 48. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—PSALM iv. 17.



2.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His gaace,
I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!